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bread



7 OUT OF 8
CANADIAN WOMEN
WHO USE DRY YEAST
USE ROYAL!

GARDEN NOTES

To Relieve Strain

This year, with the war in a critical position, gardeners are more than ever. Not only are they now providing for essential food, but they are also making pleasant recreation open to every citizen of the Dominion. In the spring, one turns to the garden for the pleasure of sowing seeds and watching plants develop provided a welcome change from愁. When tension was never greater, and when many of our normal recreations may be impossible.

Hardy and Otherwise

Hardy vegetables and flowers, naturally, are the easiest to grow, and some of them can be sown just as soon as possible. This would cover such very hardy things as carrots, turnips, radishes, etc.

Sweet peas also should be put in this category, although they will not be in flower until the end of the very mildest part of Canada. At the other end of the line will be the more delicate flowers, like gladiolus and canna. Any good Canadian seed catalogue, of course, will advise in detail on these points.

Flower Families

In flowers, normally need themselves and come in a great variety. They can be sown just as soon as possible. This would cover such very hardy things as carrots, turnips, radishes, etc. Sweet peas also should be put in this category, although they will not be in flower until the end of the very mildest part of Canada. At the other end of the line will be the more delicate flowers, like gladiolus and canna. Any good Canadian seed catalogue, of course, will advise in detail on these points.



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OUR COMPLETE SHORT STORY— "The Blast-Out"

— By —
LESLIE B. LUECK
McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Sheriff Matt Scott and his deputy, Pete Connely, lounging in front of the county jail, weren't especially enjoying the shade. "I still say I'm right to lock up every bum that drifts through Keysport," the sheriff growled belligerently.

"You're a hard man," insisted the deputy, "everybody says so. You even bully the dogs."

"Leave Diana out of this!" Scott roared. He rose from the bench and went inside. Pete could hear his heavy steps halting in front of his kid cell. Scott, the sheriff's deputy, was at the door. "Are you willing to talk, Hale?" There was dead silence from the cell.

Pete almost screamed at the soft mutterings he heard from Diana. Scott bent his bright-bladed head close to Pete's ear and whispered, "I didn't tell Dad, but Terry Hale and I met while we were at State University. Terry was on his way to a city where he has a job waiting for him."

She stopped his question with a warning look. "You see," she gasped, "we're engaged! We were going to run away together."

Pete whooped under his breath. "Hallelujah! Say I was beginning to think you were going to let your dad railroad you into marrying that, George Ott."

Diana crimsoned enchantingly. Her whole face was starry. "Dad's all right—but this is love, Pete, with us luck."

The prisoner, brimming arms bulging through a torn shirt, gazed at the jail door to get Terry out, somehow. Also she was softy. "Oh, why don't you let him my home town so he can check up on me?"

Diana's eyes blazed with excitement. "That should be simple!"

"—can't tell," muttered the prisoner.

Sheriff Scott snarled, "You probably know the law here. The law officer finger prints and description to the local F.B.I. office." He wheeled on Diana. "Terry and I are on the midnight train. He couldn't reveal where he was going, so he just wanted Terry to work in his factory. But Terry wants to make the trip with him. He got a deck of cards and some caribou fur to rock with. After we're married, we'll visit you in Peter's Love," Diana.

Pete's eyes were wide with amazement.

"Diana, you're a real beauty," he said. "I'm sorry I'm not the one to make you happy."

Sheriff Scott watched his daughter closely as she moved about the kitchen, preparing their evening meal. "Diana, he ordered brusquely, "if you come to the jail again, we'll have to bring you to the police station."

But as her father stamped down the floor, Diana managed to thrust a note through the bars and received one in exchange...

Sheriff Scott watched his daughter closely as she moved about the kitchen, preparing their evening meal. "Diana, he ordered brusquely, "if you come to the jail again, we'll have to bring you to the police station."

She dropped a frying pan. "But he's not a bum!" Scott ignored that. Diana's knuckles whitened at a sharp step on the floor. Every sound was for the past month that she had footed her home at exactly seven. And every night she had to endure the same fantastic ritual that was about to take place.

"Come in, George!" bellowed Sheriff Scott. The door opened. "Diana's just in from work."

George was thick-set, ape-like. Dutifully Diana submitted to his kiss, tightly turning one salami-like tongue over the other, and stayed for the evening meal. Her mother strange noises swallowing food; black eyes never leaving her. Afterwards, Connely, who boarded with the Scotts, said to the Scotts, "I'm not fit for this job."

The sheriff nodded. "George owns a fine farm. She'll have everything she wants. Her mother made me promise to see that she got a good man."

Connely groaned. "It was nearly ten o'clock. Diana ought to be getting home now." He groaned again. "I'm stretched out. Put the trap ready for a deck of cards today. He's probably a gambler."

Next morning, Sheriff Scott tore into Connely's room, wild-eyed. He shook Connely awake. "Diana hasn't been home all night!" he shouted. "The phone George. He says he brought her home at nine o'clock! He gripped

TO HELP PREVENT Many COLDS

FROM DEVELOPING RIGHT AT START

3-Purpose Medicine a Success

After a two-months' visit to the British Isles, we are keenly interested in the British methods of advertising and sales Executive Club of Montreal. They are very grateful for the foodstuffs that Canada has been sending over to help them in their work. This is the result that enabled them to do their full part in the war. That they were doing this there was no doubt—men were doing the hardest kinds of work in the British Isles.

Miss MacPherson said it was a wonderful privilege to have the opportunity of meeting them and seeing for herself the things of which she had heard.

"There is no war weariness in Britain," she declared. "There is a tremendously sturdy fighting spirit among the civilians as well as in the services, an indomitable quality about the ordinary people in Britain, who are willing to do anything as long as they think there is fair play."

Miss MacPherson spoke about the humor of the British women workers, which persisted despite the blockade and curtailment of civilian life and despite the high price Canadians have in their esteem.

"Any Canadian over there can feel intensely proud about being a Canadian," she remarked. The speaker mentioned that the British people were particularly grateful to Canada for sending over tinned salmon, and they were greatly interested in the fact that young women could get university education, as well as working in Canada.

Miss MacPherson contrasted the life of the British working classes with those of this country, regarding that no provision had been made for garages in 100,000 houses.

Connely heard with interest.

"Read it now," Connely muttered guiltily.

"P.S. Terry is a research chemist."

